



## SAYS THE EDITOR

### A GRATUITOUS OPINION

We get the amazing news that Katy has been removed from the payroll at Whitney's. If Willard Whitney wants our opinion of this (which he probably doesn't; it being his private affair), we'd say that he might better have removed the roof.

### ALL THE DEFICIENCY THERE IS IN THIS WE'LL EAT

You may think the Carmel post office is dumb, but look at this one:

We picked up an envelope on a desk in our post office lobby one day this week. It was postmarked "Golders Green, N.W.H. Aug 11" and bore a British stamp. The receiving postmark was "N.Y., Aug. 24." The address, written so plainly it was almost print, read:

U.S.A. by  
California. S. S. Europa  
Mrs. (our deletion)

Carmel  
P.O.B. 861

In red pencil was scrawled across it: "Try Carmel, Calif." and a rubber stamp proudly read: "Deficiency in Address supplied by N.Y.P.O."

How those birds in the New York post office must have had to stew and fret, and what a swell job of deduction they did!

### ASKING BECHDOLT A QUESTION

If, last Friday morning, we had awakened in our downy couch to discover spread across the front page of the *Pine Cone* the line: "Bechdolt Resigns from Council," we, knowing that our CYMBAL did not have the story, would have been both surprised and grieved. But we would have been considerably more grieved than surprised. We would have recognized Bechdolt's action in giving the important news to the *Pine Cone* and not to THE CYMBAL as one of the fortunes of war in journalism. We would have put it down to one of the prices we pay, and are willing to pay, for honest, sincere and fearless editing. We had condemned and berated him for his administration of the police department, and condemned and berated the department. On the other hand, the *Pine Cone* had upheld his administration of the police department and repeatedly given the police and their activities editorial commendation. Between the two papers, the *Pine Cone* most assuredly deserved his official friendship.

But he deliberately slapped a newspaper supporter in the face. He slapped one of his own town newspapers in the face and gave an important story to an out-of-town newspaper.

For 15 years or more Bechdolt was an ethical newspaperman. How does he reconcile with that fact the trick he played on the *Pine Cone* last week? As one newspaperman to another we'd like to know.

### WE HAVE SOME FUN WITH OUR POLICE DEPARTMENT AND DO GET SOMEWHERE

We amused ourselves immoderately at the expense of our considerably confused police department Wednesday night and, believe it or

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# CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. XI • No. 9

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • SEPTEMBER 1, 1939

FIVE CENTS

## Council at a Loss To Find Successor To Bechdolt; Police Budget Is Cut

*A Sort of Special Editorial*

### About Municipal Affairs

Now let's have a city government of commonsense and goodwill.

Frederick R. Bechdolt has removed himself from the city council by resignation. Which means, we hope, that the ill-judged, mismanaged and generally objectionable police administration is over.

Which means, also, we hope, that the Bechdolt influence in the city council is over.

This is no time for recriminations, no time to comment on the action of Bechdolt in suddenly deciding to terminate the official responsibility placed on his shoulders by a majority vote of the people of the city.

It is the time, and we feel that this is the place, to record the city's gratification that he has chosen to do so, and let it go at that.

We hope, however, that the good he has done shall live in the minds of the people of Carmel. We hope that Carmel shall long remember that it was Frederick Bechdolt who led the fight against the use of Ocean avenue as a used-car lot. With the same determined and stubborn spirit with which he has run the police department he waged the war against central parking. THE CYMBAL prides itself on being of most effective help to him in that fight, but it is to Bechdolt that the greatest credit must go for the delight of that long strip of trees and shrubs and flowers down the center of Ocean avenue.

And while we censure him on the other score we must remember that the remaining four members of the city council are entitled to no immunity in the mounting ire of the people toward police activities and the police administration. They have been as much to blame as has Bechdolt. They let him go his own sweet way, and they had neither the legal nor the moral right to do so.

The police department and the conduct of its affairs are as much the concern and the business of the four members of the council as they were of Councilman Bechdolt, labeled commissioner of police. The police department was, in fact, no more his responsibility than it was that of Hazel Watrous, Everett Smith, Herbert Heron or Clara Kellogg. There is nothing whatever in the law that gave him more authority over it than it gave them. And yet, time after time, against the better judgment of some of them, as expressed privately, they voted unanimously for his proposals and unanimously permitted the inauguration of his personal schemes which called for an expenditure of money out of all proportion to what should be the cost of police protection in a city the size and nature of Carmel.

There is a ray of hope in the evidence of a new attitude on the part of the council, an attitude which, we are reliably informed, had much to do with Bechdolt's resignation. "We cannot afford to lose the confidence of the people, and I am afraid we have been in danger of doing that," said one member of the council to me this past week. That council member did not say, but unquestionably referred to, the odium created by the administration of police affairs by Bechdolt and Chief Robert Norton.

Now is the time to cut back and regain the confidence of the people which the council member referred to as "in danger" of being lost. It has been lost; it started being lost more than eight months ago when the council, without batting an eye, accepted from Bechdolt his personally-compiled report on the ridiculous findings of August Vollmer after that previously sane and intelligent police expert had made a so-called survey of crime and police conditions in Carmel.

Without batting an eye the council accepted Bechdolt's two-way radio scheme and without batting another eye authorized the expenditure of more than \$2,600 for its purchase and installation. As a result Carmel, with a population of less than 3,000 and scarcely three-quarters of a mile of area at any point of the compass, finds itself with two radio systems, one for the fire department and another for the police. And this, while other cities, with ten times the police problems, five times the population, and three times the area, get along efficiently and economically with a police telephone and signal system.

It's just too absurd for words!

But even with the damage that has been done there is now a chance to rectify some of the mistakes. There is now a chance to put commonsense, judgment and goodwill into our city government and into our police department.

THE CYMBAL is proud of the censure embodied in Bechdolt's statement in the *Herald* to the effect that we are to blame for the fact that Carmel refuses to accept the Vollmer report and that Carmel considers, as the *Herald* poll, conducted by Mrs. Howard V. Walters, definitely showed, that the police department is over-manned, badly-administered and far too costly.

THE CYMBAL has persistently condemned the police administration because it has needed condemnation. It has assailed Bechdolt's control over it as a bad influence. It has attacked its methods of dealing with the public and openly criticized its executive head, Chief Robert A. Norton,

(Continued on Page Two)

## POLICE COMMISSIONER WANTED \$15,000 FOR HIS DEPARTMENT, \$4,000 MORE THAN IT COST BEFORE HE TOOK OFFICE

The four members of Carmel's city council are no nearer an appointment of a fifth member to take the place of Frederick Bechdolt who resigned last week than they were on the receipt of the resignation.

Following a conference Wednesday it was announced that while several names had been brought up and possible appointees discussed no decision was reached.

On the street the names of Jim Thoburn and John Jordan have been mentioned and, of course, W. K. Bassett, because he is an avowed candidate next April. Thoburn says emphatically that he would not accept appointment; Jordan hasn't been asked, but is probably receptive, and as for Bassett he would accept only on three conditions which are contained in his editorial suggestion to the council printed elsewhere in this issue

of THE CYMBAL. But it is absurd to think that the council would ask him—not this council.

The council met last evening and we understand on going to press that it was to accept Bechdolt's resignation and give to the WPA some idea of how much money it could spend on the Forest Theater project the coming year.

Bechdolt's resignation followed a conference of the council on the 1939-40 budget. Bechdolt presented a police department budget of \$15,000 and the council conference straightway cut it to \$12,000. Whereupon the police commissioner delivered himself of opinions on this sort of economy and went home to write his resignation.

It is interesting to note that while the police department cost the city about \$11,000 the year before Bechdolt took office he wanted \$15,000, or \$4,000 more for the ensuing year. He had about \$15,000 to spend during the present year and he declined to take the cut. He wanted, it is understood, appropriations other than street, fire and police cut, but not the major departments. The other members decided that in a plan of economy, the income estimated at somewhere around \$5,000 less for the coming year than the present, all departments and all appropriations take a pro-rata cut. The parks and playgrounds commission, asking \$8,000, was cut \$3,000, which is far greater pro-rata than the police cut. The Forest Theater appropriation was cut \$1500.

According to Councilman Clara Kellogg it is possible that the vacancy on the council will not be filled even at the next regular meeting on September 6.

"We don't need to hurry," she said.

At the next regular meeting the most important matters will be the adoption of the budget and first consideration of an ordinance increasing the business license taxes.

California's 1940 automobile license plates will be black numerals on a field of orange-yellow, states the license department of the National Automobile Club. Dimensions of the new plates will be the same as last year, except that corners will be rounded to an inch and three-quarter radius and the weight of the plates reduced by thinner metal. Block in place of script letters and numerals are proposed.

## 96 NEW PUPILS ENTER SUNSET, JUNIOR HIGH

Sunset Grammar School and the new Carmel Junior High school opened Monday with 96 new pupils in the enrollments, 17 of whom are students in the Carmel Junior High school.

There is now a total of 155 pupils in the Junior High. Of the remaining 79 newcomers in Sunset, 23 are in the kindergarten and 56 in the grades up to and including the sixth.

The Sunset enrollment is about 300. Of course, there are a number of Carmel boys and girls attending Monterey Union High school, but of last year's graduating class from Sunset school eighth grade, only three pupils chose to go over the hill. The total number of Carmel children now attending Monterey Union High school has not been announced.

New faculty members at Carmel Junior High school are Phyllis Heath Walker and Adele Osborne, both home room teachers. Mrs. Walker teaches science; Miss Osborne, languages. J. W. Getsinger is the new head of the adult school and teaches commercial subjects in the Junior High school. Milton C. Lanyon, who is taking Anna Marie Baer's place in the art department this year, will teach in both Sunset and the Junior High, as will Miriam Watson, who is doing special work in physical education. Isabel Schultzberg is new, and is teaching first and second grades. Ernest Calley, who left Sunset last year for study at San Jose State, is back again in the shop, and Alice Graham is now Mrs. Patrick since her marriage to Charles W. Patrick, Jr., of Monterey Union High school and is again teaching the fifth grade pupils.

## THE REV. MR. HULSEWE DROPS US NOTE ABOUT YOUTH CONFERENCE

"Greetings from the land of the windmills," writes the Rev. C. J. Hulsewe to us on a "Briefkaart Carte Postale" postmarked Amsterdam. "A fine conference of Christian Youth has just come to an end. Seventy-two countries were represented and nearly 1500 delegates present at the opening service."



not, as a result of the evening's work we accomplished something.

It was brought to our attention that Lt.-Col. R. E. McQuillin of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, visiting friends here, had had an unpleasant encounter with our police. Some of these numerous complaints we investigate and some of them we don't. It depends entirely on the state of our health at the moment. This one we investigated, principally, we guess, because Col. McQuillin was close at hand, in a house not a block from our own.

This is what we learned. He had decided to take his niece to the Carmel Theatre. He borrowed his friend's car, bearing an Oregon license. He parked it on Mission street, alongside a very definite concrete curb, near the rear of the post office. At 9 o'clock when he and his niece came out of the theatre the car was gone. They decided it had been stolen. They walked down Ocean avenue discussing just what to do about it. And there it was, its nose stuck in the doorway of the Carmel Garage.

When he questioned the attendant Col. McQuillin was told that the police had had it towed there because it was parked in the delivery driveway of the post office. The police were called and Leslie Overhulse, the policeman involved in the matter, appeared. The colonel, discovering he would have to pay towing and storage charges, waxed a bit wrathful and Overhulse, who had not ticketed the car for a violation of the law, thereupon did so. He charged the colonel with violating the section of the state vehicle code which prohibits parking across a driveway.

We, knowing that so-called driveway, decided to get into the thing. We knew that as a driveway it was the bunk. It did not fit any legal description of a driveway. The curb was as high and intact as any curb could be and there was no red paint on it. It was very clear to us, verified later by an attorney, that the colonel had a nice case of damages against our affable Mr. Overhulse for tampering with his car and moving it.

So we called on the police. We immediately ran into something interesting and mysterious. There were reports aplenty from police officers for all the days right up to the time we appeared, but nary a report about the McQuillin case. Chief Robert couldn't understand that one and he was plainly embarrassed about it. He was considerably embarrassed about our suggestion that the colonel might sue the city for damages. He admitted the inability of the post office lane to disguise itself as a driveway (Blare, yelled the radio: "Patrol car no 83 turning the corner at Eighth and Casanova," or something like that. Bob lifted his transmitter. "O.K., Car 83. 8:30 p.m." Now, isn't that something?)

Well, anyway, after worrying the police department to our satisfaction we went home to bed. Thursday morning we arose at 6 o'clock. We departed the Carmel Dairy at 6:30. We drove off toward on Mission street. You could have blown us out of our car with a tin whistle. Two great glaring red stripes, in dripping paint, marked the entrance to the post office's so-called driveway!

And, joking aside, we would remark that for months and months and months the police department has been snagging cars there, parked in all innocence alongside a regular, unpainted curb. The night before the McQuillin incident, another one had been towed away. And, incidentally, the McQuillin car, when the tow men got there on orders from Overhulse, could have

## About Municipal Affairs

as temperamentally unfitted for the job and constitutionally unable to acquire its essential qualifications.

It somehow seems necessary for me again to explain my opposition and that of THE CYMBAL to Bob Norton as a chief of police. Because of my editorial attack on him as a city official there are many persons so dumb as to evince surprise when they see us talking together amicably on the street. I have known Bob for more than 15 years and apparently know him surprisingly better than a lot of people who have known him longer. I like him as a man. If he should ever need a character witness he could call on me and get a 100 per cent rating, and he knows that. He is a good citizen; his private life is far above reproach; he has moral and and physical courage, and my wife tells me he is on the handsome side as male individuals go. I like him; like him particularly for the affable, almost overpowering way he greets me, even on the very day THE CYMBAL appears with an attack on him as chief of police.

Recently I heard that a citizen, called on objectionable jury duty, is now a supporter of Norton because, when the court case was called off, Bob telephoned to him in San Francisco and prevented the curtailment of a visit there on the part of the prospective juror. Hell, Bob Norton has done nicer and finer things for me than that! And what unpleasant treatment I have received at his hands I have most richly deserved.

But these attributes of kindness, good citizenship, bravery, honesty and cheerfulness are not enough to make a good chief of police. Bob lacks executive ability. He likes to strut. He likes to play with the accoutrements of his office and do it in public, which is disastrous to police discipline. He ordered a blue uniform several days before he took office to distinguish him from the "rank and file" of the department. He is overzealous about inconsequential things and runs around in mental circles about important ones.

There is nothing reprehensible about these human frailties. Bob has some of them in common with Daniel Webster and Napoleon. There is nothing in them *per se* that calls for condemnation of a man or that makes him a public enemy. But they are sign posts of a temperament and character which render the possessor most certainly unfit for a position where judgment, level-headedness, quick and effective action, decision and dignity are necessary requisites.

A police department can be no better and no more efficient than its head; particularly a small police department.

I believe that the present four members of the police department now realize this and realize that Bob Norton is not the man for the job and that police administration should be radically changed.

Now is the time and the opportunity to do something about this stigma Carmel has been compelled to bear for the past two years, making us ridiculous in the eyes of other cities and giving us a reputation for discourtesy among those who came to visit here.

The present four members of the city council should name to the vacated place a man with sense and sensibility and one who, if he is made commissioner of police, will have the ability to sense the community's desire for a sane and sensible police administration and, working with and through the council, attain that end.

With the seating of the new member the council should reduce the police department by two men, one of whom most certainly should be Chief of Police Norton.

The council should at once put the police and fire departments back under one head as they were before the political maneuver of the Thoburn-Catlin regime; that is, under one and the same representation on the council so that Carmel may realize the economic advantage in a cooperation between the two important departments of city government.

As it is now the situation between the police and fire departments requires "I Don't Want To Play in Your Yard" as a theme song. Neither one will let the other holler down its rain barrel. It's an absurd status quo and the council permits it to exist to the economic cost to the community.

With the Bechdolt domination gone, the city council can now take a deep breath and square its shoulders. Mayor Heron can possibly make up his mind to carry out the principles and policies for which he stood before the election last year and by reason of which he received a flattering vote to send him to the council. Now he stands alone among the three whom the voters chose in April, 1938. He has a great opportunity to lead the city council back within the radius of the confidence of the people.

—W. K. BASSETT

been backed away from the driveway. But Overhulse, in that rare wisdom he has, ordered it towed away so that an out-of-town visitor would have to pay towing and storage charges.

Anyway, we accomplished something. Modestly we remark, what a chaos would be here were it not for us.

### WE CONGRATULATE FAIR MANAGEMENT ON THIS WISE DECISION

THE CYMBAL notes with deep gratification that there will be no blue jeans nonsense prior to the opening of the Monterey County Fair on September 14 this year. That publicity stunt has worn itself threadbare. It's a western gesture that has become unbearably tiresome. The fair management is to be congratulated on its decision to do away with it. It may have been a lot of fun for a certain class of persons who like that sort of thing or pretend they do through fear of being branded as lacking in community spirit. But it has also been a grand little way of turning many

sensible persons away from the county fair gates. A great many persons see nothing hilariously funny in having their personal liberty or their personal taste in clothes interfered with during pre-Fair weeks when the carnival spirit is not upon them and they are going sensibly about the business of earning a living in a world where doing just that is becoming increasingly difficult.

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## Against Great Odds, Paul McCoolle Gives Fine Piano Recital at Lodge

Well, it should be finally established for all time that a hotel is not the place in which to give a musical, not even in as choice and rarefied an atmosphere as Del Monte Lodge. Paul McCoolle, entering the lounge from the lobby, and making his way to the piano which was placed near the doors leading into the dining room, had everything against him. His moment, when he hovers poised over the keys, gathering together his mood and the mood of his audience, was rendered futile and almost ludicrous by the rattle and clatter of dishes and cutlery, the hilarious voices and the hysterical laughter of women that penetrated through the closed doors. The Bach prelude and the Scarlatti sonatas with which he opened his program were played mechanically. I doubt whether McCoolle even heard them. Certainly enough wrong notes were struck.

In the Chopin group which formed the second part of his pro-

gram, McCoolle had more or less adjusted himself to as difficult a situation as any musician could meet. He played three *Etudes*, three *Ecosaisies* and the lovely *Ballade in G-minor*, with a *Mazurka* for an encore. McCoolle knows Chopin intimately and interprets this master in a scholarly manner with sufficient spiritual depth so that his listeners can enter their own realm without invasion of the musician's personality.

But it is among the contemporary composers and Debussy that McCoolle excels. He played *The Fountain of the "Acqua Paola"* of the American composer Griffes. There are few musicians who play Griffes, or play him satisfactorily, but McCoolle did, and beautifully. I would like to see Paul McCoolle give another recital and build his program entirely around the moderns. His *Cloister of Mompou* was a valuable experience.

By the time he got to the final group of Debussy the noise in the dining room had subsided, but a violent typist was hitting the keys a mile-a-minute out beyond the lobby. Nevertheless, never have I heard Debussy played more beautifully. It was like hearing the played-to-death and so-often-ruined *Reflets dans l'Eau* for the first time. Besides the four Debussy numbers listed on the program, he played three encores, *Girl with the Flaxen Hair*, the *Reflections* just mentioned, and *Cathedral Engloutie*. As the final straw in an evening when the gods were definitely not with him, the significant and repetitive bass "C" in the final moment of the *Cathedral* went sour. He concluded his program with Poulenc's *Perpetual Motion*.

Paul McCoolle is a fine musician. He convinced us of that, in spite of obstacles that had to be overcome not only by him but by his audience.

—M. W.

### ANNOUNCING

the opening of the  
**FALL TERM**  
of the

### Forest Hill School

Tuesday, Sept. 5

Nursery School and Grades  
Reasonable Tuition

Telephone 344  
Carmel-by-the-Sea

## "WHERE THERE'S A WILL"

A Comedy With Music

by

RICHARD L. MASTEN

and

BYINGTON FORD

Music by

WILLIAM C. PIERCE

**Sunset Auditorium**  
**Friday, Saturday**  
**September 8, 9**  
8:30 p.m.

Tickets at Spud's, Lial's, Art Institute



## Carmel-Written Comedy With Music, "Where There's a Will," Promises Excitement for Next Week-End



BETTY CARR and SPUD GRAY, two of the stars in "Where There's a Will"

Next Friday and Saturday we'll all be seeing the By Ford-Dick Masten-Bill Pierce creation in the flesh. This comedy with music, entitled "Where There's a Will," is Carmel-written and has therefore particular interest and significance to all of us on the Peninsula. The authors who collaborated in writing the script are both veterans of the Carmel stage. Dick Masten and By Ford enjoy the warmest regard of those who have been associated with them in the active part they have taken in local dramatics.

For By this will be the first performance of the first play he has written. Hundreds of audiences have enjoyed his playing in the shows in which he has appeared in Carmel. At the premier performance at Sunset Auditorium on September 8 of "Where There's a Will," there will be more than just the enjoyment of a comedy with music. Carmel will be showing its appreciation of By Ford's always good and often outstanding contribution to the Carmel theater.

This comedy with music got a break when it found Mrs. Alexander George for its leading lady. Mrs. George is the wife of Captain George of the Presidio of Monterey, but before her marriage was known as Ethel Louise Wright on the New York stage. She began her professional career in Chautauqua and also sang soubrette parts in the Municipal Opera Company in Atlanta, Georgia. Her first break came when Oscar Hammerstein revived "Rose Marie" and offered her the leading part. It played at the Century Theatre in New York and then went on the road for the remainder of the season. When Vivienne Segal left the "Desert Song" Mrs. George was given the leading role in that and sang it for eight months on Broadway, going with the company for the subsequent road tour. It was at this time that she met "Roxy," and from time to time was called to sing in his theater and frequently was heard on his

program in radio broadcasts.

Mrs. George refused the lead in the London production of "Desert Song" to get married, and since her marriage has done no professional stage work. Before coming to the Presidio, she and Captain George were stationed for four years in Japan, and Mrs. George made a study of Japanese music, musical instruments and language. She not only speaks Japanese fluently but sings it as well.

And as for why she's playing in "Where There's a Will," she just can't resist it, that's all. She loves the stage, loves music, and it's just a lot of fun. —M. W.

+ + +

Another California city to follow the lure of the popular rodeo is Redding, which invites its neighbors to a thrilling celebration September 2, 3 and 4, states the Sacramento office of the National Automobile Club. All performances that attract and interest the rodeo enthusiast will be on the program.

### STANIFORD'S

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## Edith Greenan To Operate Flower Shop Here

Beverly's House o' Flowers is to be the new name of Jewell's Flower Shop in the Carmel Theatre building, purchased the past week by Mrs. Edith Greenan. In addition to buying the flower shop Mrs. Greenan becomes owner of the five-acre flower garden in Marina which supplies the shop.

Beverly Tait, who has made extensive study of floral arrangements, will manage the shop and Henry (Hank) Waters, an expert horticulturist and formerly with Ralph Cornell, landscape architect in Beverly Hills, will be in charge of the Marina garden.

Mrs. Greenan plans extensive improvement of the Carmel shop. There will be particular attention paid to the window display and night-lighting is being planned to make it doubly effective.

In the Marina garden the present plans are to grow all the cut flowers and plants required for retail distribution in Carmel, but later it is the proposal in addition to concentrate on one flower for extensive growth for the wholesale market. A hot house plant is also planned and this will provide the Peninsula with flowers which up to this time have had to come from the San Francisco market. Waters also intends to establish a nursery for growing trees and shrubs native to the Peninsula.

Mrs. Greenan takes possession of the shop and Marina garden on Monday, but the formal opening will not take place for a later week or ten days, probably September 11.

The shop promises to meet every floral need and for any occasion.

## "Four Feathers" Going Strong At Filmarte

With the unreeling of Alexander Korda's technicolor film, "Four Feathers," Tuesday night at the Filmarte where it is now in its fourth day, motion picture enthusiasts were assured of one of the most stirring and dramatic films ever to play at the little theater on Monte Verde street. "Four Feathers" was filmed in the Sudan and never has technicolor been used more advantageously or more suc-

cessfully. Zoltan Korda, brother of the illustrious Alexander, directed the cast headed by Ralph Richardson, and June Duprez, C. Aubrey Smith, and a newcomer, John Clements, support him.

"Four Feathers" is the story of a young English officer who resigns his commission because he knows he couldn't stand war. He is branded as a coward by his best friends and by his fiancée, but retrieves his honor and reputation in Egypt with General Kitchener on the Sudan campaign where he is disguised as a Senegalese. This is a stirring, blood and thunder picture beautifully filmed and well worth seeing.

## FAREWELL DINNER DANCE

for Freddie Nagel, His Orchestra  
and Grayce Joyce  
in the Bali Room

### Tomorrow Night

After three years at Del Monte, Freddie Nagel  
leaves for a series of new  
engagements

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### LABOR DAY DINNER DANCE

at

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Edith Greenan announces

PURCHASE OF

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TO BE KNOWN HEREAFTER AS

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HOUSE o' FLOWERS

Distributing Cut Blossoms, Plants and Shrubs from our  
own 5 acre garden in Marina in charge of Henry  
(Hank) Waters, formerly with Ralph Cornell,  
Landscape Architect of  
Beverly Hills

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The shop will be directed by Beverly Tait, an expert  
in flower arrangements

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**The Carmel Cymbal**  
ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1924

Published Every Friday By  
THE CYMBAL COMPANY  
E. A. H. Watson, A. Porter Halsey  
W. K. Bassett

SEVENTH AND SAN CARLOS STREET  
P. O. BOX 1899 • TELEPHONE 77  
Ocean Avenue Office: South Side  
Near Mission (Carmel Investment Co.)

PRINTED BY CARMEL PRESS, INC.

Subscription, \$1 a year, by  
mail. Foreign, \$2 a year.

Entered as second-class matter at  
the Post Office at Carmel, Calif.,  
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

The Cymbal is on sale at:  
Del Monte Hotel, Newsstand  
McKay's Newsstand, Monterey  
Grove Pharmacy, Pacific Grove

## Mission Bazaar Opens Today

The Mission Bazaar opens today. It will come to a climax on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock when Mayor Heron will officially crown the Queen. The Queen contest, in charge of Mrs. Frank De Amaral, is more or less of a popularity contest. At the date of writing Bernadine Meadows is in the lead with Ellen Pearl McGrury a fairly close second. Latest returns of the contest have been posted daily in the window of Stella's on Ocean avenue, and it's quite possible that Lucille Castro, Donna Hodges, Eileen McEldowney, Frances Passailaigue, Alyce Victorine, Virginia Zarp or Connie Leichter are leading by this time.

Tomorrow night they will serve one of the famous ham dinners beginning at 5:30 and lasting until nothing remains. Ben Wetzel, Paul Flanders, Bill Froli and Herb Brownell will be in charge of preparing and serving it, and you all know what that means. It means you'd better get there early.

Joe's Taxi is running a special 10-cent fare from the corner of San Carlos and Ocean to the Mission each night of the bazaar. All in all, the Rev. Michael O'Connell, pastor of Carmel Mission, has every reason to be happy about the way things are shaping up.

Mrs. Mary Reardon is the chairman of the committee. The committee members and the booths they supervise are as follows: Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper, kitchen ware; Mrs. Mary Miller, crafts and embroidery; Mrs. Louise Fry, bookstand; Mrs. Shelburn Robison, white elephants; Joey Perry and Bill Burke, the country store; Miss Ellen O'Sullivan, cookie booth; Mrs. P. Leichter, candy; Joey Perry's boys, the duck ring; the Gossler girls, the Wishing Well; Mrs. Martin De Amaral and Mrs. Frank De Amaral, the pony ring; Cliff Lawman, bicycles; and Mrs. Peter Elliott, Ben Wetzel, Paul Flanders, Herb Brownell and Bill Froli, ham dinner.

### "IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY" DR. McKEE'S TOPIC

Dr. Wilber W. McKee, pastor of Community Church, has chosen for his sermon topic this Sunday "In All Things, Charity." The Church School meetings as usual at 9:45 o'clock and the pastor's Bible Class at 10 o'clock.

Mining district activities, with drilling contests and mineral displays, will feature the Amador County Fair at Plymouth September 15 to 17, reports the California State Automobile Association. On the last two days horse show performances will be presented.

## WE THINK THEY'RE INTERESTING

### CHARLOTTE MILLIS

Returning to the art department of the Summit School in St. Paul after all too brief a visit with the Millis family in Carmel, Charlotte Millis wondered why she hadn't thought of colored movies as a method study for her class. Photographs of the water swirling in endless rhythm around the rocks of Point Lobos would provide a way of learning the underlying structure and the architectural forms that give action and movement to all alive things. She thought of it too late this trip, but intends doing something about it.

And speaking of art and Carmel, the two names somehow synonymous, Miss Millis wondered why no artist has ever been able to do for this coast what has been done for the eastern seaboard. She thinks perhaps it's too easy to be second-rate in Carmel. A camera would be far more effective a medium to catch what various artists have attempted so inadequately to put on canvas. It is what underlies the surface of things that is important.

Miss Millis spends four days of her week giving her art course at Summit School. She says it is a fairly free course and that they experiment in almost every type of media. They carve directly into wood or stone and work a great deal with fresco, besides the more usual methods. The remainder of her week is spent in the studio workshop she shares with Lucia Wiley, mural painter who Charlotte says does perfectly swell stuff. Charlotte's work this summer has been to complete a pair of figures nearly life-size, called "Farewell to Spain." They are cast in plaster, mainly because casting them in anything is a pretty expensive business. Outside of the fact that she loves doing it, Charlotte thinks sculpture is a pretty silly business and as difficult to carry around with you as a harp or a cello. She studied it at the Art Institute in Chicago under Polasek and Zettler. Her small marble, "Eve," stands in the juried contemporary American section at the New York World's Fair, and is one of the two pieces chosen from the state of Minnesota. A madonna of hers stands in a wall niche in the living room of Vera Peck Millis's house in Carmel. It is beautiful; an expressive thing stripped of all but fundamentals, and these presented in a satisfying rhythm that has life and meaning. —M. W.

### DR. JAMES P. BAXTER, III

Williams College is in Williamstown, Mass. Theoretically, it should be in Vermont. They made an error when they were surveying the town, or so the story goes. Anyway, as it now stands, it's four miles from the Vermont line and seven from the state of New York. Dr. James P. Baxter, III, has been its president for two and one-half years.

He was in Carmel this week at the Willard Wheelers' with Mrs. Baxter and their youngest son, Stephen, ten years old. This is Dr. Baxter's first trip west of Colorado and he is enjoying every bit of it and being properly impressed with the bounty that is California. He's getting a very special kick out of Monterey. Because American history is his subject, and because he is the type of man who would cover his subject as deeply and thoroughly as possible, he probably knows more about Monterey's past than

we do. For instance, he knows that in 1841, when a Hudson Bay steamer arrived in Monterey harbor with Governor Simpson on board the Mexican governor had to borrow enough gunpowder from its commander to give the traditional salute. Indicating that Monterey wasn't thinking too seriously of defense in those days. Dr. Baxter is also a Stevenson fan. He would have liked to have had more time to browse around the old parts of the town, but he also wanted to see Yosemite, and then there was a Williams alumni dinner in San Francisco at the end of the week.

Knowing Dr. Baxter's reputation and background, we rather expected to find in him a source of information on world affairs and whether or not there would be a war. You see, he was professor of the history of American diplomacy at Harvard University for 12 years before Williams got him. But the good doctor threw up his hands. "Why I haven't even seen a newspaper for a month! I'm on vacation!"

Of course, he did say things. He said that although he's a Republican, he is in favor of President Roosevelt's policy on neutrality and thinks America made a mistake in not following it through. "Our present so-called neutrality policy is more likely to involve us in difficulties than the old policies that were in use in 1914," he said. Dr. Baxter also made the comment that "Emotionally we're in the war already." But events happen quickly in these days and what he said last week may not be what he would say this. Enough to say that he tackled the entire business of national policies, international relations and world problems with such solid American sanity, robust humor and vitality imbued throughout with complete friendliness and informality, that I was sorry I couldn't sign up for some of his courses. He would certainly make them not only painless, but definitely exciting. —M. W.

### NEW YORKER WILL BUILD LIVING ROOM AROUND PERRIN PAINTING

Helen Perrin's oil, "Still Life," which hung in one of the spring shows at the Carmel Art Gallery, was sold this week to a young bride from New York who is taking it back there and building her living room around it. The room will be blue and white and she has a white wool rug to cover the floor.

Helen has been an Armin Hansen pupil for the past year and this particular canvas is one that THE CYMBAL reviewer judged best in the show. It's a perfectly swell thing and we consider the little New York bride a clever fellow to nab it. —M. W.

### PLATOFF'S DON COSSACK CHOIR HERE SEPT. 29

Kit Whitman will bring General Platoff's Don Cossack Choir and Dancers to Sunset Auditorium September 29. This famous group, which has 3400 concerts to its credit and opens on October 1 at the San Francisco Opera House, has 25 voices in its choir. The dancing is an integral part of the entertainment. This should be something to look forward to.

READ THE CLASSIFIED ADS THIS  
WEEK—YOU'LL BE SURPRISED.

## Costume Insanity Out for Monterey Fair This Year

There won't be any jeans and straw hat costumes this year, nor any of the "Street of History" idea beyond the wearing of tasseled Spanish hats, but there will still be all of the whoop and holler of an old-time, "cow county" show when the Monterey County Fair opens in Monterey September 14.

That promise was made by Manager V. V. Adams today, as preparations in all departments were advanced with directors determined to put the Fair "over the top."

Over in Monterey, community preparation for the four-day show, to be held at the improved fair grounds adjoining the Del Monte polo field, began today, when the

townsfolk donned Spanish hats for strolls along Alvarado street. Decorative street lights for the Fair are to be turned on tomorrow night.

The opening of the Fair will come two weeks hence, on the afternoon of Thursday, September 14, when a two-mile-long parade of Presidio of Monterey artillery and cavalry troops, veterans' organizations, and civic and community groups will march along Light-house avenue, through the Presidio and then up Alvarado street to the Cooper house on the old Monterey plaza. From there the crowds will go out to the fair grounds for formal opening of the Fair.

Grand Marshal Matthew W. Beaton of Carmel promises to make the opening parade a faster-moving, more colorful spectacle for the enjoyment of all of the Peninsula. Members of the parade committee are seeking the participation of all Carmel, Pacific Grove and Monterey organizations in the parade.

Good news for Carmel youngsters came this week in the decision of Fair directors that September 14-15 will be Children's Days at the Fair, with no admission charge for school children. Tickets for those days are to be distributed through school officials.

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## B A Z A A R

SEPTEMBER 1, 2, 3

Popularity Queen Contest  
Ends on Sunday at 3 p.m.

### Baked Ham Dinner

Saturday 5:30 to 7:30

## CARMEL MISSION HALL



# AS THE CROW FRIES

By RICHARD L. MASTEN

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## LAMENT

There isn't much to write about  
Except impending fighting.  
For Hitler scatters fright about  
And sets himself for smiting.  
And when he throws his might about  
And hunts for things to fight about  
There isn't much to write about.  
But everybody's writing.

## AND RUMORS OF WARS

About this war business:  
As this is being written Europe  
is still at peace.

I think it is going to stay at peace,  
though events may prove me entirely  
wrong even before you read these  
lines.

I think it is going to stay at peace  
because Hitler is a smarter man  
than many of us have suspected.

When he sent his armies into the  
Rhineland he sent them there with  
orders to clear out if the French  
did anything about it.

He was going to get everything  
he could by bluff, but he knew that  
there was no advantage to him or to  
Germany in keeping on if his bluff  
was called.

And today I think he feels the  
same way about it.

He has made gigantic prepara-  
tions, at stupendous cost. And peo-  
ple say, "He wouldn't do all that if  
he didn't mean business." They be-  
lieve it, too.

But that's exactly what he wants  
people to believe. Any poker play-  
er knows that if you're going to  
bluff you've got to go in for all  
you're worth. The fellow who  
bluffs timidly is simply throwing  
his chips away.

If he can bluff England and  
France out he stands to win a lot  
more than he has put on the table.  
So his bluff will pay dividends.

But if he can't bluff them out, if  
at last they have come to realize  
that they have too much at stake to  
drop out, he is wise enough to know  
that he can't win in a showdown.

Oh, he might win his war. But  
it was demonstrated most amply in  
the last great war that no one gains  
and everyone loses in a struggle  
between nations of anything like  
equal might. The loser may suffer  
more than the so-called winner, but

the winner loses plenty.

Hitler isn't such a fool that he  
doesn't know this. And he knows  
that today, what with organized  
bombing behind the lines, war is a  
whole lot more destructive of na-  
tional welfare than it was twenty  
years ago.

He knows that in such a struggle  
the nations actually at war will be  
weakened tremendously, while the  
relative strength of neutral nations  
will be increased. And this should  
give him something to ponder over,  
even though he has lately shaken  
hands with Comrade Stalin.

For Comrade Stalin has promised  
merely to stay neutral. Which  
means that at the end of a pro-  
tracted war between the nations of  
Western Europe he'll be in a po-  
sition to do just about as he pleases  
in Eastern Europe.

Finally, Herr Hitler knows that  
a man who visits disaster on his na-  
tion—even for what he considers  
the best interests of that nation—  
will have his share of that disaster  
passed on to him by its people.

He has done a lot for Germany.  
If he were to die today he would  
die as a German hero, a benefactor  
of the German people. There's no  
getting around this, regardless of  
what we think of him or his meth-  
ods.

But if he plunges the world into  
war he may wipe out all that he has  
accomplished. And there is an old  
gentleman living in Holland who  
can tell him how little personal ad-  
vantage there is in such a course.

Do you think Hitler doesn't  
know that?

And knowing it, do you think  
that he hasn't provided himself with  
an "out"?

If so you think far less of his in-  
telligence than I do. And perhaps  
you're right.

## SPEAKING OF UMBRELLAS

2—In a conference hall, not unlike that at Munich, Hitler and Mus-  
solini have been partitioning the world between them, preparatory to a  
meeting with Chamberlain and Daladier. In a song Hitler threatens even  
to take Chamberlain's umbrella.

Let's go on:

MUSSOLINI

(Protesting) Now Adolph, I know that we both are ambitious  
But let's not make Mr. Chamberlain vicious.  
Don't grab his umbrella. Lay off it, I say.  
I tink hesa save it for some rainy day.

HITLER

I'll tell him I won't let it rain. He'll believe me.

MUSSOLINI

You tink so?

HITLER

He'll say so, for fear he might peeve me.  
Und wouldn't he be a disgusting old fella  
To cause a world war for a shabby umbrella?

MUSSOLINI

But why take a chance? Wats become o' your wits?  
You'll buy an umbrella like that for two bits.

HITLER

Mein honor, Benito. Mein honor's at stake  
Und someding dot's Chamberlain's own I must take.  
Der home of der Czechs und der Austrian land,  
He giffs dem away mit a generous hand.  
But stuff dot iss his isn't easy to capture  
Und if I could do it t'would fill me mit rapture.

GOERING

Heil Hitler!

HITLER

Heil Hermann.

GOERING

Der victim iss here.

HITLER

All right. Show der chentleman in. Dot's a dear.

GOERING

He's got his dog mit him. (CHAMBERLAIN enters, with the British lion on  
a leash.) Or maybe his goat.

HITLER

Ach, nein. Dot's a lion.

MUSSOLINI

With moths in his coat.

(The lion looks at HITLER, sniffs and roars.)

CHAMBERLAIN

Down Leo. (To HITLER) I say, there, old man, cheerio.

Delighted to see you again, don't you know. (They shake hands.)

HITLER

I welcome you, Neville, mit all of my soul. (Lion roars.)

I hope you can keep dot dumb beast in control.

CHAMBERLAIN

Well rawther. Why, Leo's as tame as a kitten.

In fact it's a great many years since he's bitten.

Come, Leo, perform for the gentlemen now.

Roll over. (Lion roars) Roll over! (Lion roars) Well, speak anyhow.

(Lion roars) Perhaps he's a trifle embarrassed, you see.

Now, Leo, perform. Not for them but for me. (Lion rolls over.)

HITLER

Dot's marvelous, Neville. Astounding! But say

Ven you tell him to roll does he always obey?

CHAMBERLAIN

Well rawther. He's done it right up to the present.

MUSSOLINI

An' what if he don't.

CHAMBERLAIN

I should find that unpleasant.

The thought is too painful for me to discuss.

MUSSOLINI

Well, never min' you. Wasa happen to us?

CHAMBERLAIN

I really cawn't tell you.

HITLER

Den please tie him up.

I vill not confer mit a man mit a pup.

CHAMBERLAIN

But Leo's a lion, he isn't a hound.

HITLER

Vell, dot's no excuse for his prowling around.

He's making me nervous. Und also, you know.

Ve diplomats do our own lyin'. Not so?

CHAMBERLAIN

All right. If you wish it I'll put him away.

Come, Leo. Now quiet. (Ties him) Where's Daladier? (GOERING enters)

GOERING

Heil Hitler!

HITLER

Heil Hermann.

GOERING

Der Frenchman iss here. (DALADIER enters)

DALADIER

Messieurs, I am really most tardy, I fear.

I beg of you pardons, a sousand or two.

HITLER

Heil, mister!

GOERING

Heil Hitler!

HITLER

I'm not heiling you.

I'm heiling our friend, whom I greet mit a smile.

GOERING

You're heiling der Frenchman? Dot's right. Giff him heil!

(He goes out, singing "Heil, Heil, Der Gang's All Here.")

(To be continued.)

## HAM 'N EGGS

How about Ham 'n Eggs? You  
are going to have a chance to vote  
on that proposition shortly. How  
will you vote?

I'm going to vote against it, and  
I'll tell you why.

I'm going to vote against it be-  
cause you can't create plenty by giv-  
ing people pieces of paper. If you  
want to have ham and eggs for  
everybody you don't need more pa-  
per; you need more ham and more  
eggs.

It is true that the first part of the  
Thirty Thursday bill expands upon  
the necessity of preventing the cur-  
tailment of production and the de-  
struction of products already in ex-  
istence. And I'm willing to agree  
that this is essential.

But I'm not at all willing to agree  
that the bill proposes any workable  
method of doing this.

It proposes to give people paper  
—paper to the face value of \$30 a  
week to everyone over 50 who will  
refrain from working.

And then to keep such paper is-  
sue from being inflated it proposes  
to give value to the paper by mak-

ing its holders stick a state stamp on  
it once a week—the stamps to cost  
two cents a week per dollar of pa-  
per.

That means a use tax on the pa-  
per of a dollar and four cents a year  
for each dollar.

Somebody will have to pay that  
tax. In fact everybody will have to  
pay it, for prices will rise to adjust  
themselves to it.

Of course the indigent aged—if  
people over 50 really are aged—  
won't stand to lose much. Thirty  
poney dollars each Thursday can't  
be worth much less than no dollars,  
good or poney. And if the value  
of the poney dollars drops they  
are to be given enough more of  
them to make up the difference—  
which means that sooner or later  
they'll be getting reams.

But the laborers and the little  
storekeepers, and their children, and  
of course the bankers and rich peo-  
ple (who don't however, make up a  
great proportion of our population)  
will find their buying power de-  
creased enough to pay for the whole  
issue.

For that's the way it works when

you issue more bits of alleged mon-  
ey without creating the wealth to  
back them up. And it isn't the way  
out of our troubles. It is the way in  
deeper.

The way out begins at the other  
end of things. It begins with the  
production of more real wealth—  
more ham and more eggs.

And we'll never get more real  
wealth by rewarding people—even  
people so aged and venerable as 50  
—for not producing.

I don't mind an honest, straight-  
forward tax to provide money for  
the support of those who can't sup-  
port themselves, even though I do  
think that our present taxing meth-  
ods are antiquated.

But I do object to having people  
try to tell me that because the tax  
is collected by making me pay for  
a stamp and stick it on a piece of  
paper, or making someone else pay  
for the stamp and add its price to  
the cost of the transactions in which  
the paper is used, it is not taxation  
and does not carry with it all eco-  
nomic disadvantages of taxation.

And I say, and shall keep on  
saying, "For heaven's sake, let's  
stop confusing sociology with eco-  
nomics."

Sociology, which includes care of  
the aged, is an end. Economics is,  
or should be, a means to that end.  
And if we treat sociology as the  
means and economics as the end,  
saying that by caring for the aged  
we'll make ourselves richer, we're  
facing backwards.

Take care of those who can't  
take care of themselves—of course!  
But let's do such things with the  
full realization that you don't get  
richer by giving wealth away and  
you don't create plenty by printing  
pieces of paper.

You don't create plenty that way.  
What you create is chaos.

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—Alton Walker

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## "The wittles is up!"



"Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!"

School began on Monday. And to have heard the Youngest Constant Eater bemoan the approaching end of the summer vacation you would have thought he was facing the end of the world. Yet he likes school and, unlike the children leaving the farm in the Stevenson verse, he is not saying good-bye to everything. When he gets out of school in the middle of the afternoon all the things he did during the summer are right here waiting for him to do during the remaining free hours of the day. The beach is just as close by, the oak trees still spread their welcome to climbing children, and Gerry, with eager, loving loyalty is panting to follow anywhere and to play till the last gun is fired.

When it comes right down to it children pay less attention to the weather than their solicitous parents do. After a gray and foggy August it seems, to me, too bad that the first week of school must be this heavenly succession of glorious sunny days.

Today there is a strong salty smell of wet kelp blowing up from the beach and the ocean and distant hills are clear and sharp under the blue sky. The very feel of the air and the fragrance take me back to those last days of vacation of my own youth. My next older sister and I were, I suppose, the sentimental members among the four of us. My one brother, being a boy, could hardly be expected to sympathize, and the other sister, being the oldest, was always just a little too much more grown up, comparatively speaking, to join in most of our ceremonies. For we had a ceremony, my sister and I, which we conscientiously performed when the time came for the two big changes of the year. We said "good-bye to everything." Or at least, to everything which played any significant part in our busy days.

At the end of June, with school over at last, would finally arrive the golden day when we could say, "Tomorrow we move to Plum Island!" So then together we made our rounds and solemnly said our good-byes.

To the upstairs barn chamber, a spacious, fascinating place where were stored all sorts of odd treasures, dusty and cobwebby, and a patient row of ancient, mysterious trunks . . . where you could peer down the hay chute into the mangers of the old stalls below . . . where in the fall you could hang perilously out of a small window to pick Concord grapes. To the shingled roof of the former carriage house which you reached by climbing through one of the back windows of this barn chamber and from which you had a view, chiefly of a long and shady chicken yard. To the little octagonal rustic summer-house staggering under the choking burden of a fat wistaria vine. To the apple orchard and the jungle on the hillside beyond, which always retained a little of the feeling of foreign country, although it was part of the three-acre domain over which we roamed during the year. To the huge copper beeches, one on each front lawn. To the haw-

thorn tree with its annual miracle of tiny white blossoms which gradually deepened to a dark rose color. To the smoke tree, with its soft feathery bloom, another miracle of nature.

We did not attempt to say good-bye to all the trees we loved, however—spruce, larch, arbor vitae, oak, elm and maple—there were too many.

But while we went through this rather elaborate farewell ritual indoors as well as out, I am positive there was not the slightest tinge of regret or sadness connected with it in our minds. We knew well that the summer would pass only too rapidly and we would be back again for the endless school year. The joys ahead occupied all our thoughts.

It was the parting from our summer home that was real and poignant. It was no mechanical gesture we went through then. We were saying good-bye in earnest, sadly and almost rebelliously, aching to stop the hands of time and prolong those perfect days. We said good-bye, I believe, as much in our eagerness to enjoy once more up to the last possible moment all our summer delights as for the fun of carrying out a game we had invented! Certainly we took much longer about it than about our farewells to the home in town.

As if it were yesterday I can recall everything and every place which might have been included in our itinerary although I cannot remember with any degree of certainty the order or ritual of any special occasion. The soles of my feet seem to have retained most of my memories, those I did not store up with my eyes. I can still feel vividly the texture of the painted canvas floor of the roof of our built-on kitchen which formed an upstairs porch, a family gathering place to watch brilliant sunsets over the basin. I can feel under my bare feet, toughened to leather as they were by the summer without shoes, those hot splintery boards of the sloping roofs which shaded the wide piazzas around the house and the warped boards of the floors of those piazzas, sometimes filled with cool rain water that gathered in the hollows. Roofs seemed to hold a special attraction for us, especially those which were not meant to be sat or walked upon and which could be reached only by wriggling out of narrow upstairs bedroom windows. Beside the piazza roofs we must also climb up onto the little boat-house built against the back of the shed, in which our sailboat was stored for the winter.

And after we had exhausted the house, even to getting out again on the diningroom bay window where we had spent a lot of quiet hours listening to endless serial stories spun from my sister's lively imagination, we had plenty of other good-byes to say. To the old bath-house which lay on its back at the edge of the basin where some winter gale had blown it. To the "minnie pond" hidden so neatly among the wastes of tall eel grass that sometimes even we had a little trouble finding it. There were so many places I think we must have said good-bye only in our hearts to

most of them. The dike off at the end of the basin. The lighthouse at the Point. The wide deep mouth of the river where the coal barges and yachts and fishermen passed by. The curving arms of the jetties stretching out into the ocean—their masses of tumbled granite blocks making wonderful playgrounds for climbing, all the more because of the peril of their slippery slopes. The miles of shell-strewn beach which only at low tide was safe for bathing and which every year changed so that we never knew whether the desirable sand bars with their encircling ruffles of breakers would be in front of our cottage or someone else's. A certain old iron buoy which had washed ashore and lay stranded for years, gradually disintegrating into rust. There is no end to our summer landmarks.

We were not going very far away from our sandy paradise and we knew that we should probably return at least once for a swim before cold weather set in. But we knew, too, that we should be mere transients then, with stockings to put on again after a few short hours of freedom. It would be utterly removed from the halcyon period when every day ended with our going to sleep to the sound of the ocean and every day began with our waking to the smell of dew-wet sands and blinking sleepy eyes at the dazzling ripples made by a sun which rose dripping right out of the sea.

During the summer it belonged to us and we belonged to it. It is no wonder that at the end, when we suddenly realized that we were losing it and that eons, in our manner of reckoning time, would pass before we possessed it again in all its varied delights, we put genuine sadness into our "Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!"

—CONSTANT EATER

P.S. The Editor thinks that I should explain, for the benefit of possible new readers, that this column does as a general thing deal with wittles in some form. Now and then, however, as today, it comes out of the kitchen for a breath of fresh air.

+ + +

### SUNDAY SCHOOL RE-OPENS SUNDAY AT ALL SAINTS'

Sunday School re-opens after summer vacation Sunday at All Saints' Church, beginning, as usual, at 9:30 a.m. A service of worship for the children will be led by Dean Clark followed by the classes.

"Consecration or Renunciation?" is to be the sermon topic of Dean Clark's at the 11 o'clock service. Holy Communion will be held during this service, and the Women's Auxiliary will make its corporate communion and present its united Thank Offering.

The boys' choir under the direction of R. E. Manhire will be back for the first time after summer vacation. *The Lord Is My Light* by Oley Speaks, will be sung by Manhire.

### Dine at the Mission Ranch Club

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## Airport Offers Ride in Big Boeing Ship

Celebrating the end of the first year of flying service this week-end, the Monterey Airways, Inc., and Alton Walker, its manager, will have the world's largest tri-motored ship on hand tomorrow and Sunday to give Peninsula people a \$1.50 ride for 75 cents. The ship will accommodate 30 passengers, is a Boeing 80-A, and arrives today direct from the United Airlines hangar at Rock Springs, Wyoming. Fred Kane and Johnny Snowden went up last Monday to get her, are bringing her back empty of passengers, and even at that, it will take 1500 gallons of gas to do it. It only burns 115 gallons an hour. But, it's a swell ship for sightseeing, and was replaced by United Airlines merely because it isn't fast enough.

The Oregon Air Tour, which took Alton Walker et al, including the two Stinsons, away from the airport for more than 10 days, brought laurels as well as fun and experience to all concerned. Sixty planes participated in the flight in which nine Oregon cities were visited, an air show staged in each city. In the navigation competition the Monterey planes took first and third place. They carried more than 1000 passengers during the tour which won them first and second place in the passenger-carrying contest.

+ + +

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## BARBARA RANSOME AND JACK GAGE WINNERS

The annual big week of golf is ended. A record-breaking stand took place on the four local courses last Sunday and new champions were crowned. Jack Gage of Santa Barbara took Roger Kelly's amateur crown away from him at Pebble Beach and Barbara Ransome of Stockton took the Del Monte women's championship.

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## Because I Believe in America

By RICHARD L. MASTEN

### NO JOB FOR OSTRICHES

Because I believe in America I have little patience with ostrich-patriotism and ostrich-economica.

By "ostrich-patriotism" I mean the type of patriotism that refuses to recognize the fact that there are still injustices and inhumanities in our land, crying out to be remedied. A splendid example of this sort of thing was recently furnished by the ladies of Pro-America in a certain California city when they demanded suppression of Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" and cessation of transient relief.

Perhaps Steinbeck exaggerated in his saga of the Okies. Certainly he combined a lot of instances of the worst sort of abuse to make a single picture. But when the house is on fire you don't go around on tiptoe whispering about it. You shout your head off. And people with sense listen, and do something, instead of trying to shut you up.

Steinbeck painted with exceedingly bold strokes, but he showed us something that needed to be shown. He showed us not only a condition but a danger. He handed us not only a reproach but a challenge. And as a man who believes in America, I am willing to accept both.

I want to be told the worst about America, because I don't have to be told the best. If I'm all dressed up to go to a party and have egg on my chin it's a whole lot more important to me to know about the egg than to know that my tie is tied perfectly.

I don't need to be told that America is the finest place in the world to live. I don't need to be told that democracy is the most appealing system of government that humans have yet discovered, and the most compatible with human dignity. I don't need to be told that individual enterprise has done more for the material advancement of mankind than any other system. I know these things already.

And I want American fundamentals to remain as they have been—democracy, personal liberty, individual enterprise. But I still believe that their working may be improved, and improved greatly, in an American way.

So whenever America falls too short of the ideals toward which mankind is striving I want to be told about it, and I want everybody else to be told. For I am so confident of the ability of Americans to work out their destiny within the framework of the American system that I am willing to face facts, even when those facts are unpleasant.

I am not willing to say, "Because these things are too shocking to fit into the American picture they do not exist." But I am willing to say, "Because they are too shocking to fit into the American picture they shall not exist." Then I want to get right down to the roots of things and find out why they exist and remove the reason.

When the ostrich-patriots say, "Do away with relief," I'm with them 100 per cent. When they point out how costly it is, how destructive of moral fiber, how inefficient, they'll find me in agreement. I find it inexcusable as anything but a temporary measure—almost as inexcusable as the situation which makes it necessary.

Do away with relief? Of course! But do it by curing the thing which has saddled relief upon us. For we can.

How? Well, not by following the ostrich-economists, who claim that all we need do is go back to the methods which failed us in 1929; or the other ostrich-economists who insist on going on with those other methods which have failed us ever since.

If we'll get down to fundamentals we'll see what to do easily enough. But how to do it is another question. It is a question we'll have to answer gradually, testing each step of our answer, working constructively upward till our theorem is complete—like some proposition in geometry.

And the fundamental fact of all is that we need more wealth, not more gold and not more money but more real wealth of the sort that you and I and J. P. Morgan and John Smith in the Okie camp use in our daily life, more potatoes and yachts and machinery and overcoats, more necessities and luxuries, more of everything.

In order to have more wealth we'll have to produce more wealth. That's point two. And we are equipped to produce it. We are equipped to produce about one-third more than we are producing. We could produce twice as much of some things as we do, but if we tried that we might throw our whole system out of line, so we should disregard such overdeveloped facilities. What I mean is that we are equipped to increase our production of practically everything by one third.

Physically we are in shape to produce that extra wealth, to transport it, to handle it, and to get it to the consumer. We could do all this right now.

Then why don't we do it? Because when we get it to market we can't sell it. Industry, which means the little producer as well as the big, isn't producing more because it can't see any way of selling it except at a loss. If it could sell it at a profit it would produce it all right.

And can't we sell it? Is it because people don't want it, don't need it? How can anyone think this when all of us have so many unfulfilled wants? Some want food. Some want housing. Some want new radios, automobiles, yachts. Everybody wants something, and we'd have to produce even more than our industry as a whole could produce if it were running full time to give all the American people a truly American standard of living.

But we can't sell it because we can't buy it. As a people we can't buy all of anything we want. And because of this we curtail our production of everything, of the essentials of life which the poor need and the added satisfactions which the rich want. Even industry itself cannot buy, out of its earnings, all the machinery and all the labor that it would like to buy.

Our economic system might be pictured as an equilateral triangle with three sides—production, employment, buying power. If any one side shrinks, the other two must be shortened to preserve the triangle. And since buying power has proved too short to fit in with our possibilities of production and employment we've had to leave part of our plant and part of our labor unemployed to keep the system intact. That's where stagnation and unemployment come from.

Upon the size of the triangle depends the welfare of the American

people. So it is up to us to preserve it, not by shortening the two ample sides but by lengthening the side which is too short.

If we are to increase industrial activity, if we are to do away with stagnation and unemployment, we've got to increase buying power. And this isn't as easy as it sounds. It isn't merely a matter of issuing more money, or of giving pensions to the aged, or of government spending and lending. I wish it were, for then I could give my whole-hearted support to the inflationists or the Townsendites or the advanced New Dealers, and let it go at that. But the facts don't permit of such a thing.

For buying-power stems from production. It consists of the rewards that our people get for the part that the labor or the capital of each plays in the creation of our total wealth. Each man puts into the pot whatever labor or capital he can get the pot to accept and receives for it a certain amount of money, in wages or dividends, which allows him to draw on the pot for a certain value in the things that he wants. And it should be evident that all the buying power in the nation cannot at any time be worth more than the value of the existing national wealth, since it represents shares in that wealth.

Nevertheless, buying-power can be increased. The triangle of American welfare can be enlarged. It can be enlarged by extending its three sides simultaneously, so that new production will create new employment, new employment will create new buying power, and new buying power will support new production; and new wealth will bring new prosperity.

It's not a job for ostriches. But it is a job that people who believe in America can do.

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## Vivian Larson, Child Pianist, Is Thrilling

Vivian Larson, the 15-year-old pianist from Sausalito, was the soloist at the Frank Wickman studio a week ago Sunday in a program built of two concertos, the Mozart D-Minor and the Grieg A Minor, with ten brilliant modern Bagatelles of Alexander Tcherepnine and an encore of De Severac's Music Box introduced between them for balance.

Anne Greene was at the second piano, playing the orchestral part of the concertos, and Vivian couldn't have had a more sympathetic or more understanding person to support her in an unusually heavy and ambitious program. Vivian has been in Carmel for the past month, working day after day with Anne under Wickman's patient but demanding supervision. She has been a pupil of his for the past three years, spending one winter studying with him in New York, but she began to study piano when she was five. She is amazing! To watch her at the keyboard, playing from memory those tremendously difficult and

imposing works, her hands are still the hands of a child, but surprisingly strong and competent. Even at this early age she approaches the keyboard with an almost masculine virility, as though she knew what was there and knew how to get it. She has a mature understanding of the meaning behind the phrasing and her interpretation is secure and poised and never shaken by any pianistic obstacles, no matter how difficult. The 80 people gathered in the pleasant atmosphere of the Wickman studio were enthralled by the music made by this child.

—MARJORIE WARREN

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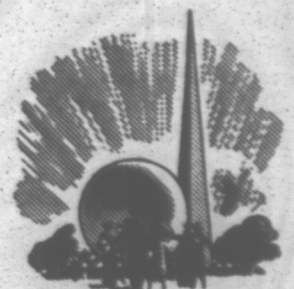
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## Personalities & Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Johnson and their daughter, Nancy, have come up from Pasadena to make their home in Carmel. They have taken a house in Carmel Woods and Nancy will join the Armin Hansen class at the Carmel Art Institute next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph G. E. Hanke and Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Van Riper, and son Tony, returned from Honolulu last week.

Mrs. Ruth Gavin and Mrs. Herbert Gooch of Lincoln, Nebraska, who have been living in Laurids Jorgenson's house at Carmel Point during the month of August, leave today for Los Angeles and will stay in the south briefly before returning to Lincoln.

Pat Files prepared her famous *sukiyaki niku* last Saturday night for a few friends including Dorothy Stephenson, Eric Provost, Marjorie Warren and Jack Neff. Pat learned all about *sukiyaki* from her friend, Halford Lembke, the sculptor, who spent seven years living among the middle class families of Japan. She served it down by the river where a huge fire blazed under Ed's tender care. Everything was marvelous, including the moon.

Luncheon guests on Monday at Hollow Hills Farm, Noel Sullivan's home, were Mrs. Marie Short, the Baroness Liane de Gidro, Mrs. Kit Whitman, Paul McCool, Langston Hughes, Connie Bell, Dr. and Mrs. Carol Veazie and Lee Crowe.

Ray and Sheila Stansbury arrived in town last Saturday to stay until Monday. Ray was with the *Call-Bulletin* in the art department up until last July, but suddenly grabbed the bull by the horns and has leaped into landscapes and watercolors in earnest. He's down for 10 days' painting. Both he and Sheila are loyal CYMBAL fans and helped to put the paper to bed last night. *Shadow*, their little black cocker, is with them.

Mrs. Gordon Wagenet of Washington, D.C., was in town for a day this week, staying with Mrs. Charles Roeth. Her work here on the coast is just about finished. Mrs. Wagenet has been conducting a survey for the National Council for Mothers and Babies which aims to make communities better aware of health problems in connection with maternity and infancy. Dr. Karl Meyer, director of the Hooper Foundation at the University of California, and former head of the public health curricula at the university, has Mrs. Wagenet's survey in his possession and will utilize it in plans to be released for publication later. In the meantime Mrs. Wagenet was in Carmel and more concerned with getting in touch with Edith Frisbie for a beach picnic than with surveys.

The Tom Bunns entertained with a cocktail buffet supper at Del Monte Lodge last Saturday night for Morton Coke, visiting golfer from Portland. Among those invited to meet him were the Howard Veits, the Howard Monroes, the C. C. Shepards, the Robert Stantons, the Ashton Stanleys, the Charles Odens, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Lusignan, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mulvin, the Harrison Godwins, the

Harold Zellerbachs, William Zellerbach, the Roy Burnetts, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willis, Mr. and Mrs. Al Sparks, Mrs. Frederic E. Calkins, Mrs. Al Barbee of Los Angeles and Walter Busbee of Pasadena.

Louis Bailly, internationally-known violinist and member of the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, will be returning to the East by the middle of September. Monsieur Bailly has been working all this summer in a Carmel Highlands studio on the program he will present during his approaching concert season.

Irene Dunne has been a guest at Del Monte Lodge for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Veit of Pebble Beach are having a rather large cocktail party on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph G. E. Hanke were hosts to many of the golfers at a cocktail party held at their Hatton Fields home last Sunday afternoon following the golf tournament.

Kit Whitman held her usual Thursday night combination dinner, bridge and poker no-host party at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club last night. Her guests included the Robert Stantons, the Ray Brownells, Prof. and Mrs. Gilbert Smith, the Howard Veits, Captain and Mrs. J. M. Glasgow, the Paul Whitmans, the C. C. Shepards, Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Dormody and the Adolph G. E. Hanke.

Miss Emily Pitkin of Carmel Highlands will give a tea this afternoon at the W. T. Beatty house in Pebble Beach in honor of her sister, Mrs. E. W. McCready of Chicago, and their niece, Miss Emily Poynter of Andover, Mass. Among the few friends in attendance at this will be Dr. Frances Elliott of San Diego, who is Miss Pitkin's houseguest at the present time.

The Alastair Millers are making a home for themselves down in a little place called Nojoqui, near Gaviota. This is the place that belonged to Valentine's father and when he and Susan were first married they used to fly up there whenever Santa Barbara proved too much for them. Valentine and Alastair are fixing up the same little four-room house and are using only one of the 40 acres, planning to plant their own vegetables on it. Val's long and brilliantly enameled fingernails, that she wore when she was on the staff of *Vogue*, have been filed short and are devoid of polish. "These typify my new life," she'll say, spreading them out before you. Alastair is already at work on his new novel.

Mrs. Adolph Teichert, Jr., returned to Sacramento yesterday. She has had a house on San Antonio street for the month of August and her sons, Frederick and Henry, have been whipping back and forth during that time between Sacramento and Carmel. Nancy has been here with her mother and, of course, Adolph, who has his own studio up in the Eighty Acres, will continue to stay on in Carmel until it is time for him to return to New York for more work at the piano under Frank Wickman.

A barbecue of venison was the lure that took a number of people from Carmel out to Rancho Carmelo Tuesday night. Among them were Captain and Mrs. J. D. Colomy, Mrs. Allan Greene, Captain

Henry Willis, Mrs. Loz Lloyd, Barner Segal, Marjorie Warren and J. Urban Roberts. Later, the house guests and a few of the visitors went on a hay ride with Frank De Amaral in the huge hay wagon drawn by six horses complete with bells. They finished up a perfect moonlight night by dancing up at Robles del Rio Lodge.

Peggy Mathiot leaves a week from today for Mills College where she will begin her sophomore year. Jodie Bill, attractive youngster from Ohio, who has been at the ranch all summer long, has decided to enter U.C.L.A. this year instead of returning to Marietta or Kenyon College in Ohio which he attended during the first and second semester of his freshmen year. We rather think that someone at Rancho Carmelo was responsible for his decision.

Luckel Wilder and Doris Mahon have been in a Carmel Woods cottage for ten days. They come from Stockton and returned there Tuesday. Luckel wept when she left. Carmel was so beautiful.

The John Reeds have left the Peninsula for San Francisco. John will be at St. Luke's Hospital for a time, undergoing some treatment for a heart ailment. Mrs. Reed, or Kate Carew, as we know her in the world of journalism, will make the Stewart Hotel her headquarters while he is there. Their plans are now to return to England before Christmas, but will come back to Carmel before they leave.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry Clayton Rogers of Kansas City, Missouri, entertained at dinner at Highlands Inn Tuesday night. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Alton Walker of Carmel, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew C. Zenos of Chicago, Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Lowrie of St. Paul and Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Currie of Redwood City.

Winners of the Monday night bridge tournament at the Mission Ranch Club were Esther Hitchcock and W. E. McDonald. Alice Work and Mrs. Alice Baker Leppert were second.

Guests at the Mission Ranch Club last week included Mr. and Mrs. Philip J. Farrar of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Thorson of Avenal, and Norman and Albert Barlow of Christchurch, New Zealand. Norman is a squadron leader in the Royal Air Force and both brothers are in the tobacco business.

Master Sidney Trevvett, who has been visiting his grandparents in Carmel, Rhoda and Dick Johnson, returned to his home in Gilroy Wednesday. Young Trevvett, aged nine months, was a bit surprised to find that the strange young lady who suddenly appeared to take him away claimed to be his mother. He couldn't quite see why he should be expected to remember the relationship of somebody who went out of his life so far back in the past. Two weeks is a sizable chunk of time at my age, asserts Sidney, who took the incident much more philosophically than his mother did! All vacations have their price, it seems.

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith of Kansas City was a guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ralph at their home on Camino Del Monte.

Hester Schoeninger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger of Carmel Point, and a member of the Monterey High school faculty,

returned last week from a European trip which included a tour of England, Holland and Germany.

W. West Hunt of El Centro, Jinga Lawrence's brother, stopped over at the Lawrence's Robles del Rio place for a couple of days on his way to the Fair.

Cleo and Kay Goetjen and Marie Louise Frank, all of Portland, arrived at the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Coughlin last Sunday and are staying there all this week. John J. Coughlin, Dr. Coughlin's father, arrives at the Monterey Airport tomorrow morning from Hartford, Conn. This will be Mr. Coughlin's fifth flight to the west coast. He will be with the Coughlins for the month of September.

Vere Basham, well known and well liked in Carmel where she formerly lived, is now the bride of Bert Benbow, owner of Benbow Lodge on the Redwood Highway. They were married August 8 in Carson City, Nevada. During the winter they will live in San Leandro, but during the summer months their home will be Benbow Lodge. Vere is the daughter of Mrs. Leonard Sinclair (Ivy Basham) of Pleasanton, sister of Mrs. Frank Rodriguez of Monterey, and niece of Mrs. Kathleen M. Andrews of Monterey and M. J. Murphy of Carmel. She and her husband plan to visit the Monterey Peninsula this winter.

It won't be long before we'll be seeing Don Blanding's solid frame stalking up Ocean avenue and having its morning cup of coffee at the Carmel Dairy, because an inco-

herent cable received by Bob Spencer Wednesday said that he'd arrive at Treasure Island on the Honolulu Clipper September 13.

Mrs. Louise Grigsby entertained old friends from Dayton, Ohio, last Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Chester Perkins, Mrs. Sophia Breslin and Robert Steinhelber drove to Carmel for the day only.

Mrs. Arthur Smiley of Pacific Grove returned from her extended trip to the East and Northwest last Wednesday evening. She went to Massachusetts in July with Mrs. Louise Grigsby and Mary Agnes to attend the Mary Agnes Grigsby-Ensign MacKinnon Lansdowne

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nuptials at Prides Crossing, and has been visiting in Portland, Oregon, since her return from the East. Ensign and Mrs. Mackinnon Lansdowne are living in a reproduction of a Cape Cod house in the little village of Arlmont, Mass. They leave tomorrow for a two weeks' trip up into Canada.

Al Rushworth, son of Mrs. Agnes B. Rushworth, leaves tomorrow for Bellarmine Preparatory School in San Jose.

Mary Terrell Giesting gave an intimate piano recital for a few friends at the home of Mrs. Acton Hall at Ocean and Carmelo last Wednesday afternoon. Her program included Schubert's *Impromptu*, the *Etude in E* of Paganini, Schumann, List's *Liebestraum*, Chopin's *Etude in A-Flat*, Rubinstein's *Kammenoi-Ostrow*, and the *Second Prelude* of Rachmaninoff. Mrs. Giesting is a competent pianist and her audience was an appreciative one.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Kennicott of Yuma, Arizona, are house guests of Mrs. H. M. Lansdowne at her new home on Junipero street. Kennicott is fiscal agent on the All-American Canal project.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingmar Folwick of Longville, Minn., announce the marriage of their daughter, Elnora Louise, to Arthur Grant Clay, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Clay, of Carmel, tomorrow, September 2, at St. John's Chapel in Del Monte. Arthur Grant, you should know, is Arty, one of the owners of McDonald Dairy.

October 1, and San Carlos church, Monterey, are the date and place of the wedding of Carmen Gene Taylor, daughter of City Treasurer and Mrs. Ira Derry Taylor of Carmel, to Floyd Walter Dinkel of Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Imelman were hosts at their Carmel Valley ranch home Tuesday night at a steak barbecue. Their guests were employees of the Imelman Sportwear Shop and their families.

Miss Laura Dierssen has returned to her home on Carmelo street after a month's visit in San Francisco with her sister, Mrs. Karl Hoffman.

#### IF SPUD GRAY THINKS THAT WE'LL GIVE ANY SPACE TO THIS, HE'S NUTS

Last Sunday morning, at 11:30 o'clock, something just about as important as a bent hair on the left eyebrow of a field mouse occurred at the corner of Seventh and Monte Verde streets.

Everett Gray, impolitely known as Spud, and who claims to be able to answer any geographic, economic, social, biological, nautical, geological, biennial or weekly question you can ask him, leaped lightly from his streamlined bicycle at that place, hour and minute, tossed his prayer rug to the dust of the highway, and genuflected to his Moham-medan god.

The intricate gesture was occasioned by the fact that Everett, or Spud, had let his eyes fall on the speedometer of his conveyance and there discovered that he had reached the 1000-mile mark in six months of pedaling about the city.

He excitedly told us about it and we, with that weary tone we affect at strategic times, said: "So the hell what?"

And, despite any impression you have otherwise gained, that's all we have to say about it.

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PULL

## "Daughters Courageous," Filmed Here, Comes to Carmel Theatre Sunday

PRISCILLA LANE, ROSEMARY LANE, LOLA LANE, GALE PAGE and JOHN GARFIELD in "Daughters Courageous."



"Daughters Courageous," the Michael Curtiz-directed story filmed on the Monterey Peninsula, comes to the Carmel Theatre Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, September 3, 4 and 5. Furthermore, it is the picture in which Moxie Clappett and Pete Cardinale, hauled out of their classes at the Monterey Union High school last spring, doubled for the leads, Priscilla Lane and John Garfield.

This picture is a sequel to the "Four Daughters" which made such a hit on last season's film program, and the director is the same and so is the cast. Supporting Garfield and Lane are the two other Lane girls, Rosemary and Lola, Gale Page, Fay Bainter, Jeffrey Lynn,

Claude Rains, Frank McHugh, May Robson and Dick Foran; a notable cast if ever we recognized one.

This time they've woven a story around a modern version of the Enoch Arden theme, which introduces a real problem in human relationship, for as the mother is about to remarry, her first husband and the father of the girls, turns up after a 20 years absence.

There's plenty of romance for the girls as well. John Garfield, with whom the youngest daughter is in love, is the vagabond son of a Portuguese fisherman, and that's where Monterey bay and fishing boats come in.

## Suggest Sanitary Board Phone Listing

By the way, before we say something about the possibility of sewers on Scenic Road and The Point, may we call your attention to a request of the Carmel Sanitary District that you help it select a telephone listing? It's going to have a telephone all its own and it wants to know where you would be inclined to look in the telephone book if you wanted sewer information or had sewer trouble. THE CYMBAL will accept suggestions from its readers, to be relayed to the sanitary district trustees. Our own suggestion is that the listing read: "Sewer, Carmel Sanitary District." If you want to know about sewers you'd naturally look for the word "sewer," or wouldn't you? You tell us.

What we were going to tell you about is the prospect for federal aid in the building of a sewer line for Scenic Drive and Point residents. Previously, when the matter

was brought before the property owners, and they expressed a desire for the service, it was thought that WPA aid to the extent of three-fourths of the cost could be obtained. Then, the government cut a big slice out of its WPA available funds. Now it looks as though the help would be reduced to two-thirds of the cost. C. C. Kennedy, the sanitary district engineer, is at work on the proposition, and it is reported that if the project is accepted by the government WPA labor would be available in about six weeks.

Fair grounds at the south city limits of Merced will be the scene of the Merced County Fair September 14 to 17, reports the California State Automobile Association. Horse races and a horse show will share interest with farm and livestock exhibits and carnival attractions.

You can send The Cymbal anywhere in the United States for One Dollar a Year.

## "Box and Cox" and Loads of Vaudeville At First Theater This Week-End

Who said the days of vaudeville are over, and said it with a tear in their eye? If you feel that way about it, and so many of us do, you'll have a grand time this week-end at California's First Theater, when Dene Denny, Hazel Watrous and the Troupers of the Gold Coast present "Box and Cox" and 25 lavish, spectacular acts all in the spirit of the good old vaudeville days.

"Box and Cox" is an old English play of the 1840s, and is one of the few plays definitely known to have been performed in the First Theater in the old days. It will be revived by the Troupers tonight and will run through Monday. Gordon Knoles is directing and playing the part of Box, Billy Shepard will be Cox, and Betty Bryant the scheming landlady, Mrs. Bouncer.

All the dances, and there will be plenty of them, were staged by Billie McConnell.

Little Nell, whose saga has been the delight of First Theater audiences, this time goes to Europe and saves the world from Hitler. With Billy Shepard as Sir Neville Chamberlain, George Smith as Hitler, Jessie Joan Brown as Little Nell, Gordon Knoles as the father, Louis Dubin as the constable and Del Page as the bodyguard, the weighty problems of the troubled European powers are hilariously solved.

The Hangtown Boys and Girls appear in a brand-new song and dance, "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," dolls being Billie McConnell, Jessie Joan Brown, Madeline McDonogh, adoring males, Gordon Knoles, Louis Dubin and Del Page.

This time the Gold Coast Quartet has gone in for grand opera. They'll sing the *Miserere* from "Il Trovatore," with Billy Workman as *Leonora*, Gordon Knoles as the troubadour and Del Page, Louis Dubin, et al, as the chanting monks. The Hildebrand Sisters, Madeline McDonogh and Jessie Joan Brown will all blossom forth with new

numbers, and they've dug up that old classic of the early 90s, which was sung by vaudeville stars from New York to San Francisco, "The Lost Child." This will be staged with Louis Dubin as narrator, Billy Shepard as the policeman, Carol Hildebrand as the child and Betty Bryant as the mother. Naturally, the old favorites will be repeated. There would be a terrific yell if they weren't, and you'll end up in the "bushes at the bottom of the garden," as usual.

### Ruth Goddard Bixler

Astrologer

10th Year in Carmel

Your own individual horoscope accurately calculated for your exact time and place of birth and expertly interpreted.

Consultation by Appointment.

Telephone Carmel 9



After Your Vacation Trips Let Us Put Your Summer Clothes In Shape Again

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## LEATHERCRAFT STUDIO

Lasting Gifts in Fine Leather  
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Cigarette Cases

SEVEN ARTS COURT, CARMEL

It's YOUR Fair!

# Monterey County Fair

THURSDAY TO SUNDAY

September 14, 15, 16 and 17 AT MONTEREY FAIRGROUNDS

## HORSE SHOW

At eight o'clock each night of Fair. Conducted under licensed regulations of American Horse Show Association. Magnificent events for stock horses, hunters, and polo ponies. Added classes for gelded horses and in equitation and dressage. Leading California riders. New permanent public bleachers. Admission, including excellent seats, only 25 cents.

## RACE MEET

On afternoon of concluding day, Sept. 17. Nine thrilling races with civilian and United States Army riders at Del Monte track adjoining fairgrounds, climaxed by two-mile Steeplechase and a four mile Point to Point Steeplechase, one of the few races of its kind to be held in California this year.

## GREAT EXHIBITS AND DISPLAYS

Greatest exhibits and displays in history of the agricultural and industrial wealth and community life and interests of all Monterey County! Complete livestock and poultry shows, grange and farm bureau exhibits, household arts, U. S. Army show, industrial mechanics, fine arts, and education show. All at beautiful fairgrounds at Monterey.

## SPECIAL EVENTS—ENTERTAINMENT

Four holidays for all of the family! See the colorful, comic "Girls Fig Race Derby" down the midway each afternoon, as 15 girls prod porkers to victory! Fast-moving, Hollywood-produced variety entertainment on free show platform twice daily. Impressive U. S. Army review on Saturday, Sept. 16. Large carnival, fun some.

GENERAL ADMISSION: 50c. CHILDREN UNDER 12 FREE SEPT 14-16

See the Grand Opening Parade, 1:00 p. m., Thursday, Sept. 14, at Monterey

Gates Open 10 a.m. - 12 midnight. Fairgrounds adjoining Del Monte Polo Field, two miles east of Monterey. FREE AUTO PARKING.



## Sewer Disposal Plant Near Completion; Rowntree To Plant Roses Around It

Bernard Rowntree is going to plant roses around it!

Not that the Carmel Sanitary District's new sewage disposal plant, nearing completion on the so-called island in the Carmel River, needs roses, but most certainly it merits them.

You should go down there and look at it. You'd be immeasurably surprised. The first impression you get is that it's the first unit of a world's fair. It's certainly swell material for an assignment for the Carmel Camera Club.

I gaslined and foot-trekked over the big job Tuesday of this week with Bernard. We started with the twin-pump station on Kuster point, followed around the Point drive to the second twin-pump station at Sixteenth and Monte Verde streets in the middle of the Mission Tract property.

The Kuster point station is to boost the eventual Scenic Drive and west-side-of-Point sewage to the manhole at San Antonio and Santa Lucia, whence it flows by gravity to the disposal plant. The Sixteenth street plant is to boost the sewage from the east side of the Point. Each of these stations, the last word in sewage pumps, cost about \$2,500.

Then we followed from the second pumping plant the 10- and 12-inch collecting line to behind the Mission where it connects with the 14-inch cast-iron pipe which has its own suspension bridge across the river. And that suspension bridge is something, let me tell you! As it is now, with its aluminum-colored cables and connections, it looks like a miniature Bay bridge. It's a sweet piece of work, if I am permitted the adjective in this connection.

From the point of arrival of the collecting sewer line on the island things got a bit difficult for me. Rowntree waxed technical. It's surprising how much this professional bookkeeper and high-power insurance man has learned about sewer systems in the past six months. Being secretary of the Carmel Sanitary District has gone to his head and filled it to the brim with clarifiers, flocculators, digesters and detritors, and figures about them that would slay an assistant cashier of the Bank of America and all its branches.

First, when you step down on the "island," completely shut off from view of the world by a fringe of cotton woods and all kinds of tall brush, you run smack up against—the detritor, no less. It's a great little gadget. It sort of takes a long slant at the sewage as it comes across the suspension bridge and decides about its qualifications. Any cans or large insoluble matter that has got into it are promptly stood up by the detritor and refused a pass. It eliminates such things, to be technical, and sort of equalizes the flow of the sewage into the next unit of the plant. It also eliminates the sand which has got into the sewer pipes. It isn't an imposing thing, this detritor, although it looks bright and clean enough right now for manufacturing hard candy.

From the detritor the sewage goes to the clarifier flocculator. (The original inventors of a sewage disposal plant must have been poets.) This structure, which at first glance looks like a round swimming pool with a lot of intricate machinery inside of it, mixes chemicals with the sewage, swishes it around, and sort of prepares it for its next destination—the primary digester.

The primary digester is one of

the most important units in the four-structure plant on the "island." It heats and mixes the sewage from which the clarifier has taken the liquid and drained it off to the sand beds where it sinks and disappears.

The digester hastens the biological action of the bugs which, in gobbling up one another, form the process which disintegrates and reduces the sewage to almost nothing at all. It's a nice looking round tank sort of building, stuccoed on the outside and sprayed a sort of cream color.

From the primary digester the material goes to the secondary digester where gas from the process of disintegration is collected, and used, too, for the heating process in the digester. This unit, another imposing stuccoed tank, completes the job and from it flows the so-called sludge onto the sludge-beds outside. As sludge it is a material that has scarcely any odor at all, is perfectly free from pollution of any kind and, in fact, is valuable as fertilizer.

Then, finally, there's the control building, another attractive structure. It's what you might call the administration building. It fronts on the road that runs from the highway to the island. It contains all the control switches for everything that wheels, or whirrs, or turns, or pumps. It houses also the fresh water pump to supply that needed ingredient for man, beast or radiator. It will be Rowntree's headquarters when he goes down each day to look over the plant when it is working. It is thought to be unnecessary to go to the expense of hiring a full-time man for the job.

As Don Perry put it, and right in front of Rowntree, too, but with a quirk in his eye, "the thing's fool proof."

I say you'd be surprised at all this, at what the F. C. Stolte company has done with the \$90,000-odd it is being paid for the job of providing us with a sewage disposal system of the most modern and efficient kind. It's a beautiful job. It will have cost in the end about \$120,000, what with the purchase of the "island" site, the collecting system, the pumps and all, but from my viewpoint it looks worth it, and from the assurances of sanitary en-

gineers it will prove worth it many times.

C. C. Kennedy, Carmel Sanitary District engineer, drew up the plans and specifications on which the Stolte company got the contract, and George C. Looz is the official of the company on this present job.

Carl Daniels is the Stolte company resident superintendent on the work.

Don Perry is the district resident engineer representing Kennedy for the sanitary district.

A. L. Kloeckner is the PWA resident engineer inspector.

Bernard Rowntree, the sanitary board secretary, buzzes around it like a bee, but with no sting. He keeps his feelers on things but finds working with the various representatives of the government and the construction company a delight. There has been no friction on the job, no protests, no delays to speak of. Rowntree pays a high tribute to the contractors.

There's to be a wire fence around the plant—to keep little boys out. And Rowntree's going to plant climbing-roses on the fence.

—W. K. B.

+ + +

You can send The Cymbal every week to friends or relatives in foreign countries for Two Dollars a Year.

## Local Dogs Win At Stockton

Local dogs did well at the San Joaquin County Fair held at Stockton last Saturday and Sunday. Joe West of Del Monte Kennels, who handled many of the dogs including his own Scottish terrier that went best of class, is beaming more than usual. Competition was as stiff as anything they'd been up against so far, but this is what happened: the Lindsay Gentrys of Rancho Agujito took best beagle, and an English cocker and a Welsh terrier, best of class. Mr. and Mrs. J. Huizenga of

Monterey, with their famous Irish setter, took best of winners. Mr. and Mrs. Adolph G. E. Hanke entered their lemon and white cocker to finish its championship. Bill Woods of Robles del Rio-Lodge, whose little Welshman, Rhys, won in his first show at the Golden Gate and won at Del Monte, won a best of winners at Stockton. Phyllis Russell's Sealyham won best of class. The two French poodles of the Andre Da Mianos won in both novice class and obedience tests. The Allen Weirs of Journey's End Kennels got a best of breed with one of their Bedlingtons.

## ON LABOR DAY

[MONDAY]

We Will Be Closed All Day

**NIELSEN BROS.**  
GROCERY • MARKET

# LABOR DAY SALE

## ON OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF GOODRICH TIRES!

### WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON EVERY TIRE YOU BUY

### SALE ENDS MIDNIGHT, SEPT. 4

**BUY NOW! PRICED AS LOW AS \$4.89**  
And old tire

**BUY NOW! PRICED AS LOW AS \$6.26**  
And old tire

**BUY NOW! PRICED AS LOW AS \$8.32**  
And old tire

NO OTHER TIRE GIVES YOU SO MUCH VALUE FOR SO LITTLE MONEY

6 HIGH-PRICED TIRE FEATURES MAKE THIS A REAL TIRE BARGAIN

THE ONLY TIRE IN THE WORLD WITH THESE TWO GREAT LIFE-SAVING FEATURES

What a bargain! This big husky Commander is full dimension—made of special "wear-resisting" rubber.

Here's a tire value you can't match anywhere. This new Standard is "Double-cured" for extra toughness.

The new Silvertown gives you Life-Saver Tread and Golden Ply blow-out protection. It's "tops" for safety—"tops" for mileage.

Goodrich Commander		
\$4.89	\$6.48	\$7.76
4.0-21	5.25-5.50-10	6.00-10
\$5.58	\$7.12	\$9.45
4.75-5.00-10	5.25-5.50-17	6.25-6.50-10
Above Prices Include Your Old Tire		

Goodrich STANDARD		
\$6.26	\$7.50	\$8.96
4.0-4.50-21	5.25-5.50-10	6.00-10
\$6.45	\$8.25	\$10.87
4.75-5.00-10	5.25-5.50-17	6.25-6.50-10
Above Prices Include Your Old Tire		

Goodrich Silvertown		
\$8.32	\$10.00	\$11.96
4.0-4.50-21	5.25-5.50-10	6.00-10
\$8.58	\$10.98	\$14.51
4.75-5.00-10	5.25-5.50-17	6.00-10
Above Prices Include Your Old Tire		

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## The BLUE BIRD TEA ROOM



Breakfast • Luncheon  
Tea • Dinner

Mrs. Mae Crawford  
Mrs. Pearl Ridgeley

OCEAN AVENUE  
Near Lincoln



## Oregon Shakespeare Festival Director Here, Tells of Successful Event

Distinguished visitors this week, of whom we could so happily have seen more, were Mr. and Mrs. Angus L. Bowmer and William Cottrell of Ashland, Oregon. Bowmer is the founder and director of the Oregon Shakespearean Festival; Cottrell is assistant director, and Mrs. Bowmer is the art director and designer and maker of costumes.

Once a year, usually in mid-summer, Bowmer and his group of non-professional actors and actresses produce several Shakespeare plays in the true Elizabethan manner. This summer they offered "As You Like It," "Hamlet," "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Taming of the Shrew." The plays are produced in a reproduction of the Old Globe Theater stage in England where the plays first appeared. The Bowmers are young, full of

vitality and enthusiasm, and very sane. We rather gasped when, on asking just how long this festival had been going on, Bowmer replied, "Oh, we've just begun. This was only our fifth summer!"

And that's the way they do things in southern Oregon. How different to—Southern California, for instance. After five years down there they'd be calling it a tradition!

Bowmer and his associates have made Shakespeare good box office in a district that is distinctly rural by being careful not to stress the educational advantages of seeing Shakespearean plays. Their platform is that Shakespeare is good fun, and they've proved that it is. When Bowmer first suggested the Shakespearean Festival idea to the Ashland civic authorities they objected on the ground that it would undoubtedly cause a deficit and finally agreed to give it a trial provided Bowmer would consent to have them stage prize-fights during the afternoon in order that the fight profits might pay the almost-certain theater deficits. However, it was the boxing matches that produced the deficits which had to be made up from the profits of the theater. This ended the boxing matches and the theater has paid its way ever since. Proving that allergies are more often than not psychological, and if you're allergic to Shakespeare it's probably because you've had him thrust down your throat since childhood.

Bowmer is professor of English literature and dramatics in the Southern Oregon College of Education, which is the normal college located in Ashland. Cottrell, his assistant, is as handsome a male as we've seen for some time and possessed of a delightful speaking voice.

—M. W.

### PUPILS OF EMMA EVANS GIVE PIANO RECITAL

Pupils of Emma Evans were presented in recital at her Dolores street studio last Sunday afternoon, proving to their audience that school vacation didn't necessarily mean a discontinuance of piano practice. Little Louise George, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Alexander George of the Presidio, was perhaps the star performer, doing a two-piano arrangement of Bach's Minuet in G with Mrs. Evans. Louise's mother, who plays the lead in the By Ford-Dick Masten-Bill Pierce show, and who, among many other things, played the lead in "The Desert Song" on Broadway, sat down at the piano after the young musicians had finished their performance, and sang and played for them.

Those taking part in Sunday's performance were Ruth Neibel of Palo Alto, Judith McMahon and Louise George from the Presidio, Doris and Diane Lewis, Patricia Flynn and Pete Steffens of Carmel, Louis Randolph, Dorothy Sue Tensfeldt, Jack and Jeanne Williamson and Tatiana Serson of Monterey. Jerry Williamson, violin pupil of Valona Brewer of Carmel, played a trio with his brother and sister.

### SCHOOL MENU

Tuesday: Cream of tomato soup, pineapple and cottage salad, hamburgers, diced beets, watermelon.

Wednesday: Noodle soup, molded fruit salad, macaroni and cheese, spinach, ice cream.

Thursday: Vegetable soup, peach salad, spanish rice, corn on the cob, gingerbread.

Friday: Clam chowder, tomato salad, cheese soufflé, string beans, ice cream.

## DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Friends of Snookie Johnson will be happy to hear that she is well on the road to recovery from her recent illness. The little Dachshund was stricken with pneumonia last week and has been seriously ill. The devoted care and diligent nursing of her mistress, Mrs. Dick Johnson, brought her safely through the crisis and Snookie, though a bit paler and thinner, is getting along nicely and continuing the task of raising her new brood of children.

Another convalescing canine is Tweels Clampett Bell, the attractive Cocker belonging to Connie Bell. He met with an automobile accident a short time ago and received a severe leg injury. Tweels, however, has had several injuries to his leg in the past. In fact, he says he is getting so used to trotting around on three legs that the fourth one seems a bit superfluous.

Domino Yates, one of Carmel's best known citizens, is proudly displaying a tiny porcelain replica of himself that he received as a birthday present the other day. It is a charming little piece and looks amazingly like the handsome Dalmatian, too. The dignified Domino celebrated his birthday quietly and simply at the home of his owner, Mrs. Eleanor Yates.

Spatts Ogden celebrated her birthday this week, too. It was her second anniversary and the adorable little debutante was gaily feted by her many friends and her master, Terry Ogden. It was quite a gala occasion.

(By the way, Spatts is rapidly becoming one of the prettiest girls in town.)

Ah Chu Davidson is greatly elated because his master, young George Davidson, has adopted three of Ah Chu's fellow countrymen as companions for the little Pekingese. They are aristocratic youngsters and their colorful Chinese names are Ah Sid, Hanshib and Chu Lin. Hanshib's celestial ancestor, his most honorable grandfather, was the internationally famous black Pekingese, Rog of Hisquit. Hanshib is black, too, and greatly resembles his distinguished forebear.

Ah Chu is having a grand time showing his little playmates around the village.

### DR. KAY GREGORY TO PLAY ON MUSICAL ART PROGRAM

The Musical Art Club will hold its first meeting since last spring next Tuesday night at the Van Es-MacGowan home in the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. Dr. Kay Gregory will be at the piano for half of the program and Edward C. Hopkins' chorus of 16 voices will take care of the rest of it. Guests will be welcome provided Mrs. Van Es has been notified. Her telephone number is Monterey 5233.

### LEGAL NOTICE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

In the matter of the Estate of HARRY W. TURNER, Deceased. No. 6559 NOTICE OF HEARING PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL

A document purporting to be the last will and testament of Harry W. Turner, deceased, having been produced and filed in this court, together

## CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Twelve cents a line for two insertions. Twenty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, thirty cents. Count five words to the line.

### 1—REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

\$1 FT. FRONTAGE—Large Lot in Carmel Woods, with beautiful trees, oaks and pines in rear for back-ground for your new home. No need to be crowded by your neighbors—sunny, warm, beautiful. Attractive new homes being built all around. FHA will make new 4 1/2% Loan for a new home. Price a bargain at \$700. Monthly terms can be arranged to suit. One of the best lots in Carmel Woods. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER. (9)

HOME BARGAINS—One in the Highlands with nearly 2 acres of ground, 3 bedrooms, stucco. Worth \$15000, can sell for much less, in fact any offer will be considered. The Other is a 3 bedroom Carmel Type cottage on North Dolores at 2nd Ave. with large lot 80x140 ft. \$4500 and on easy terms. These two properties are bargain buys. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (7)

\$600 LOT—In Carmel Woods where the lots are larger and the prices are surely much lower—61 x 100 ft. next to the corner. Level. Beautiful trees. FHA Construction Loans for new home available—all utilities including sewer connection. Restricted for homes. Monthly terms arranged to suit you. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER. (9)

PERMANENT TENANT wanted for small cottage on Santa Rita. LARGE HOUSE on Camino Real, suitable for teachers. Call Mrs. Douglass, Carmel 707. (8) FOR RENT: attractive one-bedroom house, good location south of Ocean Avenue. Very reasonable. Phone 586. (9)

NEW ONE-BEDROOM furnished house in excellent location. Unusual value. BETTY JEAN NEWELL, Tel. 303. (3)

### 1a—VALLEY PROPERTY

A FIVE-ACRE ranch in Carmel Valley for rent for six months. Monterey style ranch house consists of one bedroom, large living room, kitchen with fireplace and studio which can be used as an extra bedroom. River frontage and fruit trees. For more information see DEL MONTE PROPERTIES CO. office in Carmel, Ocean and Dolores or your own agent. (10)

### 34—PLACE TO LIVE WANTED

TWO-BEDROOM UNFURNISHED house on year lease starting Sept. 15. Uncrowded location preferred. Tel. Carmel 346. (9)

WANTED by couple. Small furnished house in early part of September. Permanent tenants. L-49, Cymbal office. (9)

### 5—HOUSES FOR RENT

TWO-BEDROOM house near Ocean Ave. Phone 784-W. (tf)

Indef. from Sept. 15; furn'd cottage liv. rm. on W; Bdrm. on s/e (coil springs); kitchenette on n/e; bath; fpl; closet; extension table; shed; sit. s/w of and nr. twn. Box 206. (9)

### 14—ROOMS FOR RENT

FURNISHED ROOM, close-in and attractive. More suitable for a gentleman. Phone 588-J. (10)

LARGE SUNNY double or single bedroom 3 min. walk from beach. N. E. cor. Casanova and 13th. Tel. Carmel 94-W. (tf)

with a petition for probate thereof, and for letters testamentary, to be granted and issued to The Wells Fargo Bank & Union Trust Co., said petition is hereby set for hearing by the Court on Monday, the 11th day of September, 1939, at 10:00 o'clock A.M. of that day, at the courtroom of said Court, in the courthouse at Salinas, Monterey County, California, at which time and place any person interested may appear and contest said will and file objections in writing to the granting of said petition.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Superior Court this 21st day of August, 1939. [SEAL]

C. F. JOY, Clerk.  
By Edna E. Thorne, Deputy.  
First date of publication: August 25, 1939.  
Last date of publication: September 8, 1939.  
SHELBURN ROBISON,  
Carmel, California.  
Attorney for Petitioner.

### 13—ROOM AND BOARD

ROOM AND BOARD for elderly people or convalescents with nursing care. Phone Pacific Grove 3470. (tf)

### 29—JOBS WANTED

IS YOUR DOG getting enough exercise during the quarantine? If not, call Carmel 702. Any time, any dog, any place south of Ocean Ave. (tf)

REFINED CHRISTIAN LADY, middle age, would like to be companion to lady. Prefers one who travels. Best of references. Write B. E. Weeks, 2526 San Jose Ave., Alameda, Calif. (tf)

LISTEN: If you want any ghost-writing done, or manuscripts made ready for the publisher, let MARJORIE WARREN do it for you. She needs to earn some extra money. (tf)

### 28—HELP WANTED

STENOGRAPHER. Part time. Must be able to take dictation and know some bookkeeping. Address L-50, Cymbal office. (tf)

### 17—FOR SALE

#### Antiques

CHINESE PRIEST ROBE 17th century. Exquisite Coalport China. Tel. 682-W. (tf)

#### Fuel

DRY PINE KINDLING cut from tree trunks only, as long as the limited supply lasts, delivered and stacked at your home at the following low prices:

1/8 cord	\$2.50
1/4 cord	\$5.00
1/2 cord	\$9.75
3/4 cord	\$14.70
1 cord	\$19.00

A cord occupies a space 8 x 4 x 4 and contains at least 56 sacksful. Phone Carmel 1100. (tf)

#### Miscellaneous

TWO BIRD CAGES. Used, but practically new. Unpainted metal. Will take less than half their cost Tel. 1357 (9)

### 24—LOST AND FOUND

LOST somewhere between Carmel and White Oak Inn, cream-colored male Persian cat, about 4 or 5 months old. Please call 120-W. Reward. (9)

### 32—FOREIGN TRAVEL

TRAVEL TOURS, and cruises to all parts of the world now being arranged by Carmel's new travel service. Alaska, Europe, Hongkong, South America—ANYWHERE. See accredited agent: J. F. Lays, care Carmel Investment Company, or telephone 63. (tf)

The Cymbal is One Dollar a Year.

Lots Are Selling!

in

CARMEL WOODS

30 Lots Sold Since April 1

NEW MODERN HOMES BEING BUILT ON F.H.A. PLAN

+

All Utilities Available

+

LOTS ARE LARGER PRICES ARE LOWER

See Any Carmel Broker



Carmel Hospitality

### SUTTON PLACE

Furnished Cottages and Rooms  
Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Sutton  
Lincoln & Eighth • P. O. Box 1326  
Telephone 796

### CARMEL INN

At Home in a Friendly Atmosphere  
Rates from \$2  
San Carlos at Eighth • Phone 691

### Monte Verde Apts.

Newly Remodeled  
Ocean view. Large, comfortable rooms and apartments.  
Very attractive rates  
Monte Verde near Ocean • Tel. 71

### Pine Inn Telephone 600

RATES	
European:	Single \$3.00 to \$5.00
	Double 3.70 to 6.00
American:	Single 5.00 to 6.00
	Double 8.00 to 11.00

### ROBLES DEL RIO LODGE

CARMEL VALLEY

"Swim in the Sunshine"

TELEPHONE 1363-W

7th & Lincoln • Tel. Carmel 800

Hotel La Ribera and Dining Room

"Home of Hospitality"

Breakfast	.40
Luncheon	.50
Dinner	.85

European Plan • Rates from \$3



# *To the Citizens*

of Northern California

**DO YOU REMEMBER** the iniquitous Sharkey Bill which you defeated by a vote of 4 to 1 in 1932?

**DO YOU KNOW** that it has been revived and that the Atkinson Oil Bill was passed at the last session of the Legislature?

**DO YOU REALIZE** that higher gasoline prices for every motorist are in prospect if the bill becomes law?

**DO YOU WANT** a gasoline monopoly by the Big Companies?

**DO YOU WANT** a situation such as exists in the Middle West, where a gasoline pro-rate act such as is proposed for California, has raised the price of gasoline this week?

**IF NOT**, for your own protection, you are respectfully requested to sign the petition now in circulation against the Atkinson Oil Bill.

*Independent Petroleum &  
Consumers Association*